

Hooked

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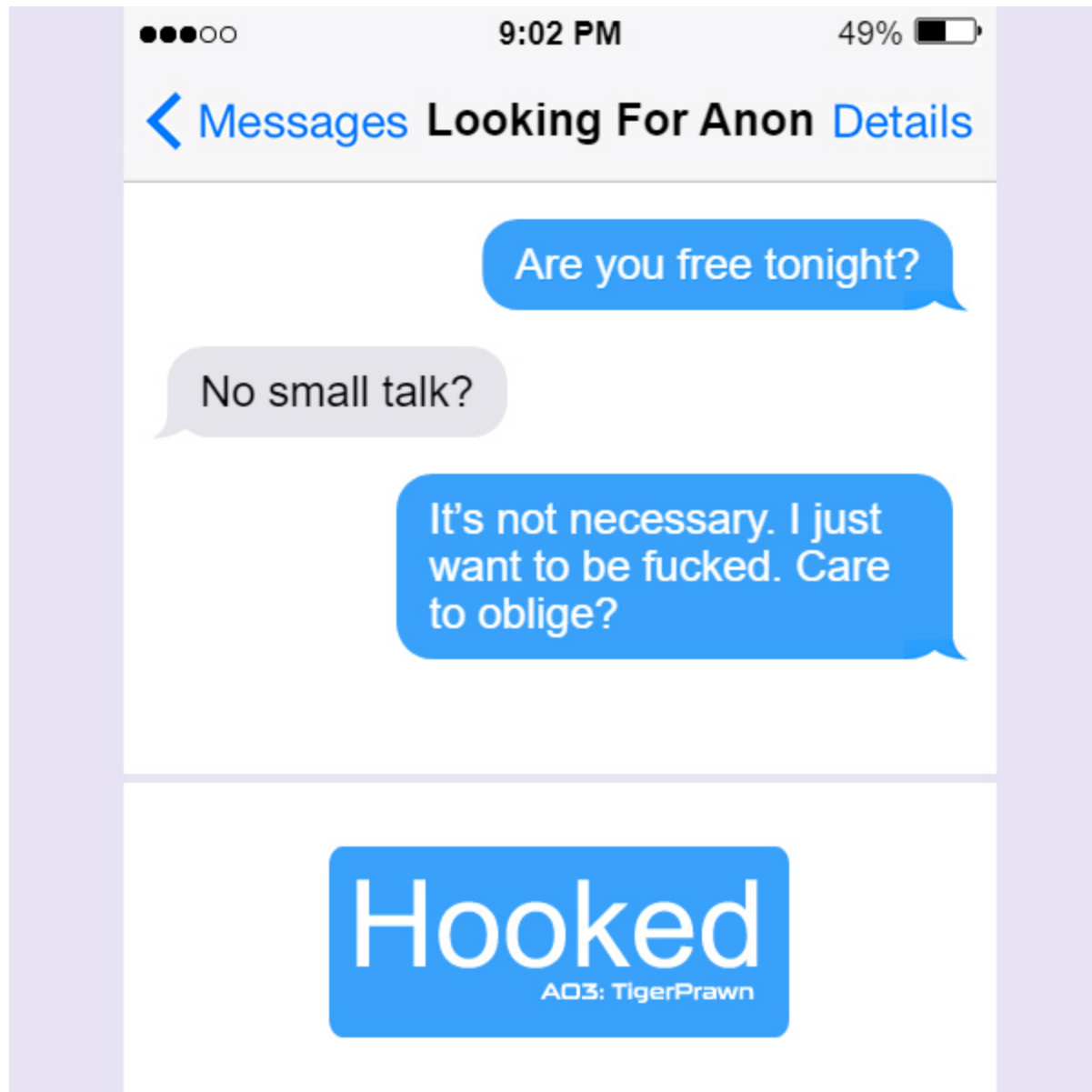
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by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

Will has been pulled into the BAU and met a stuck up doctor who appears to be profiling him. What he needs right now is to get out of his head, and a nice hard fuck should do the trick.



Will's meeting with Crawford and Lecter had set him on edge in a way that he hadn't experienced in a while.

It had knocked him off kilter and made him feel like he was losing control over his own life. It was already making him regret taking the meeting, let alone agreeing to help on the Elise Nichols case. Not that he could do anything about it, Jack was determined to hitch him to the BAU and there seemed no escape from that.

And now they'd added the scrutiny and the psychoanalysis of Doctor Lecter when Will had just assumed him to be another expert called in to assist. But no, Lecter seemed to be profiling him, something he apparently also had no choice in or control over. His only hope was to avoid the man as much as possible and limit the access to his mind. It was crowded enough already without someone poking around in it.

Will sighed as he slumped down in the chair on his porch, watching as the dogs ran about, getting their exercise before he locked up for the night.

Or so they expected.

Usually his routine was pretty set. He'd let the dogs out, feed them and they would all settle down for the night. He'd have a couple of fingers of whiskey on the evenings he was feeling unsettled and then he'd head to bed.

But on nights like this, when that feeling of being unsettled was more than he was reasonably able to deal with by drinking, he needed something else.

Will pulled out his phone and flicked over to the hook-up app that he used so infrequently that it would gather dust if it were a book on his shelf. But this was what he needed on days like this. He needed to feel grounded by something physical.

Will was well aware that he was touch-starved. It was something he lived with. He had always been tactile, but never had he indulged. Perhaps it would have been different if he'd known his mother, if she had been warm and caring as he imagined she might have been. The opposite of his dad who was all business and had no interest in encouraging sissy behaviours. He'd been taught to avoid physical contact and that had only made him want it more.

As he had grown up, realising that he was different and how differently he saw the world as a consequence, Will had made it a point to keep people at arm's length. Even when he liked them, even when he was attracted to them. Whether friends or something more, he always kept himself shut off. His empathy made it difficult to really explore anything meaningful, he hadn't been lying when he'd told Lecter he found eyes distracting. So much was distracting when being physical with someone, it could be hard to close himself off.

The only option when Will craved human touch so much that he could no longer resist, was to explore something completely meaningless.

As the dogs continued their exploration of the treeline, Will signed into the app and glanced over his own profile. It had been a while since he'd updated it but the information was all still good, and the picture would do:

Looking for Anon. Then a brief physical description followed by a request for anonymous hook-ups with tops and no questions asked. The photo was a selfie he had badly taken, looking down his body so as to cut out his face, displaying his well toned body and erect, cut cock.

Within moments of signing in, his profile going live and coming up in other people's feeds, the messages began pouring in.

But Will was always looking for something specific. He couldn't even fully describe what it was, he just knew it when he saw it.

And tonight it was the third person to message him.

Good Time Top. An almost completely anonymous profile, like his own. Just a picture of a hard uncut cock held in such a gorgeous hand, it made Will wonder if he might develop a hand kink. The information was also a physical description and a desire for anonymity.

The only drawback was the distance. Will tried not to keep it too local, but this guy, as with many of the others, was coming up as Baltimore. Hopefully it would be worth the drive.

Will intended to keep the messages brief.

GTT: Your photo makes my mouth water.

LFA: Are you free tonight?

GTT: No small talk?

LFA: It's not necessary. I just want to be fucked. Care to oblige?

GTT: Gladly. Where and when? I don't host.

LFA: Neither do I. I prefer neutral ground. There's a place just off I-95. Do you know Konterra?

GTT: I can find it.

Will sent a google map link to the exact location.

LFA: This is an old country road, it's not used any more. I'll be parked along there in my station wagon in an hour's time. I'll be on the back seat with my ass up, doors unlocked. No small talk, no names.

GTT: I will be there.

*

Will heard the car pull up behind his car, his blood pumping through his body. Thrumming in his ears and making his cock hard.

It could be anyone. Maybe not even his hook-up. Some random person happening down this old disused lane and finding him with his pants pulled down to his ankles and a plug in his ass as he waited to be railed.

The idea of it made him whimper, his heart thundering as he heard the car door open and then close. It was a gentle thud, an expensive car.

Will pushed the thought from his mind. This only worked because he didn't empathise with his hook-up, they were just nameless, faceless people with whom he reached mutual satisfaction and then parted. That was what he needed.

The door opened, and Will's breath hitched as the cold air hit his slicked hole.

"Good evening," a voice rumbled, so low that Will barely heard it. He did, however, feel the soft hand gently land on his ass cheek and rub reverently over it. A nice change. Usually these encounters were hard and rough, which Will loved, but sometimes something different was nice, something not anticipated, even if it tempted him to try and feel out more about the other person.

The hand became fingers and they moved in slow, teasing movements, until they reached his plugged asshole. Will's breath hitched again as the man pressed on the plug ever so slightly, before taking hold of it and moving it. A gentle motion that Will quickly realised was being used to seek out his prostate.

Will grunted and lurched forward slightly when that was accomplished, enjoying the pleased hum from behind him almost as much as the continued teasing at his hole.

"Please," Will whined, his voice strange to his own ears with how desperate he already was.

With a gentle hand rubbing the base of Will's spine, another slowly pulled out the plug, fucking it back into him a couple of times clearly to check how loose he was rather than to tease.

Will shuddered when the plug was removed, feeling as well as hearing the gentle thud of it as it was dropped next to him on the backseat.

Will's mind was blissfully blank as he heard the rustle of a bag behind him, the flick of a cap and then two slicked fingers were inside him. With a grunt he pressed back, trying to take them deep.

The stranger let out another pleased hum at his responsiveness and it only served to make Will all the harder.

He shuddered and let out a shaky breath as he heard the man's zipper, then the rustle of a condom wrapper and the slick sound of a lubed hand on a hard cock. He was trembling with anticipation by the time the fingers slid out and were replaced with the tip of a cock just sliding over his rim.

"Yesss," Will hissed, pushing back to try and take the man in.

With a murmur the man pulled back and took a moment to slap his cock on Will's ass cheek as though spanking him.

"Please," Will begged, "I need it."

His mind was completely empty now, no thoughts of murder and maiming. No pendulum swinging as he reconstructed a crime scene in one of his lectures. No thoughts of those images Jack had shown him earlier in the day, coercing him to assist with the BAU. No concerns about how they made him feel and what that said about him.

Before Will had the chance to beg again, the stranger pressed against his rim and then slid inside him in a firm movement that knocked the air from Will's lungs.

Unbidden, a moan escaped from Will, long and deep as he felt the cock fill him completely as the man bottomed out.

This was what he needed.

After giving him a moment to adjust, the man slowly pulled back and then pushed back in again a few times until Will was writhing.

It was gentler than most of his hook-ups, despite the increasing hard and deep thrusts. It was gentle for the way the man's hands held his hips lightly, his thumbs stroking over the base of Will's back.

Will was startled when the man shifted position to lean forward and push up Will's shirt up and over his head, then mouthing at Will's back, between his shoulder blades. Will's eyes rolled in pleasure at the touch, at the open mouthed kisses across his flesh.

He hadn't been expecting such intimacy, and he found he liked it. He needed it and craved it and he would take it as surely as he was taking this man's cock.

Will grunted as he met each thrust, desperately leaking now and in need of release.

"Wanna come on your cock," he huffed out the words and adjusted his balance to reach under himself to stroke himself only to find his hand slapped away.

The man made a tutting sound and Will was about to complain, his dick painful and aching for release now, but then it was taken in hand.

Will groaned, slumping forward a little without intending to as the large, soft hand circled his cock.

"Fuck," Will spat as the man slowed his thrusts and stroked to the same rhythm. Will wanted more, faster, harder, but he knew that if that happened he'd come immediately and he didn't want that either.

Will moved with the man's motions as he rocked forward, slowly picking the speed back up as he fucked Will forward into the circle of his fist. Will felt entirely at this man's mercy and it was exactly what he needed.

"Yes..." Will hissed as the thrusts became harder and deeper. "There, there..." Will gasped as the angle changed enough to hit his prostate over and over.

Despite his composure so far, he felt the man shudder a little and release a grunt. And then he was pounding into him, one hand still gentle on Will's hip and his mouth panting against Will's shoulder as he brought Will to the edge.

"Come in me, come in me..." Will babbled as his body shook. He was barely able to stay on his knees as his climax started to swell, his balls drawing up and body trembling until he cried out.

Will's eyes rolled with pleasure and he thought for a moment he might pass out as he started to come. His cock throbbing as he heard his come hit the seat beneath and felt so full as his ass clenched hard around the cock inside him.

With a grunt and a slight nip to Will's shoulder he felt the man pulse inside him as he came deep and hard.

Will groaned and shuddered, his own cock still throbbing as the thrusts slowed to a stop and then the man removed his hand from Will's dick.

Will grunted as the man pulled out of him and Will heard the slick sounds of a condom being removed. He trembled as he held himself up, trying not to drop down onto the seat and into his own come.

"Thanks," Will breathed out the word. "I needed that."

The man let out a low chuckle, then leaned in and placed a kiss on the base of Will's back before pushing the once discarded plug back inside him and stepping away.

"Fuck," Will muttered with a groan, feeling so full and part of him wishing the man had come without the condom so that he could return home with his release plugged inside him.

The shadows moved as the man did, and Will realised he was walking away.

When he heard the car door open and then close a few moments later, Will took a breath.

That was exactly what he'd needed and more. When the car pulled away, Will started to get himself dressed.

*

Will's familiar scent on his arrival had resulted in Hannibal having to cross his legs to cover his arousal at a surge of memories, not for the first time since the day he had first met the man. First in a professional capacity in Jack's office, and then in a decidedly more personal scenario down a deserted country road.

He hadn't known that the thirsty slut on the hook-up app was Will Graham from the messages alone. That had just been good fortune as he had been looking for a way to relieve the exquisite tension Will had inspired from his chest to his loins.

As soon as he had reached the specified location and the open door, he had of course recognised the scent of the man, clear and unique, memorable even just from that one meeting. An aftershave that smelled like something with a ship on the bottle, barely hiding the man's natural, tantalising musk.

Of course, someone more ethical might have turned back on recognising the person and the issues that could arise from this in a professional setting. But for Hannibal it simply let him know something more about the man Jack had asked him to subtly evaluate.

The man he had then grown to know more over the course of the Nichols case, had seen him covered in blood and the fire in his eyes. The monster beneath his skin that tried to speak to his own but did not yet have the language for it.

And now Will was in Hannibal's office, looking at his library as Hannibal took control of the situation. He rubber stamped the paperwork so that they might just have conversations. Conversations that Hannibal was confident would easily *encourage* Will to seek more anonymous comfort when required. A comfort that he was keen to offer.

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